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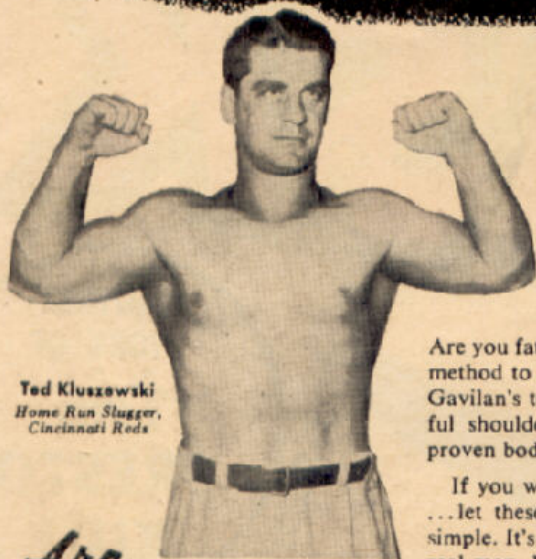
ANOTHER
STORY OF
**THE
PRESTO
KID!**



I CONFESS!
DON'T DROP ME,
PRESTO! I
ROBBED THE
STAGECOACH!

"WE'LL RIPPLE YOUR BODY WITH MUSCLES and LOAD T.N.T IN YOUR FISTS"

Say **JOE LOUIS** and **TED KLUSZEWSKI**



Ted Kluszewski
Home Run Slugger,
Cincinnati Reds

Let us broaden your chest and shoulders...add solid new muscles to your body.

I wish you could come with Ted and me to Lou Stillman's famous training headquarters...see for yourself how the Champions build their bodies and keep physically fit.

Are you fat and flabby? Watch Ted show his surefire method to remove fat. Tired and nervous? See Kid Gavilan's tested plan to liven you up. Want powerful shoulders? Football star Doak Walker has a proven body builder that gives you results...**FAST!**

If you want to be a star athlete or look like one...let these great Stars and myself help you. It's simple. It's easy. Just 15 minutes a day makes you a real man. Find out how by mailing the coupon.

I'll send you my "Fight Secrets" for just 10¢ — so that you'll be sure to write me. Get off the bench — into the game. Send me the coupon right now!

Sincerely,

Joe Louis



Are You...

- Tired
- Nervous
- Rundown
- Skinny
- Fat and Flabby
- Always being picked on?



Then do exactly as Joe and Ted and the other instructors tell you. For full facts send coupon.



LET THESE FAMOUS CHAMPIONS POINT YOUR WAY TO ATHLETIC GLORY

BOB COUSY shows you how to sharpen your reflexes and develop stamina—no matter what your size—for basketball...handball...**IN LITTLE TIME.**



YOGI BERRA the American League's most valuable player, builds up your confidence...**LOTS OF FUN.**



DOAK WALKER gives you his special toughening method. Builds your shoulders and neck into "shock absorbers" for football...**WITH LITTLE EFFORT.**



KID GAVILAN reveals his secrets of split-second timing...increases your resistance to fatigue with his tested training camp workout...**WORKS WONDERS.**



Win new popularity. Guaranteed to add solid inches to your chest. Easy...At Home...In less than 15 minutes a day!



MAIL COUPON TODAY

JOE LOUIS, c/o THE NATIONAL SPORTS COUNCIL, DEPT. E-26
33 West 46th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Dear Joe:

- ☐ Please send me absolutely **FREE** a full and complete explanation of how the National Sports Council can build me the right kind of body.
- ☐ Enclosed is 10¢. Please include your famous book **FIGHT SECRETS**.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

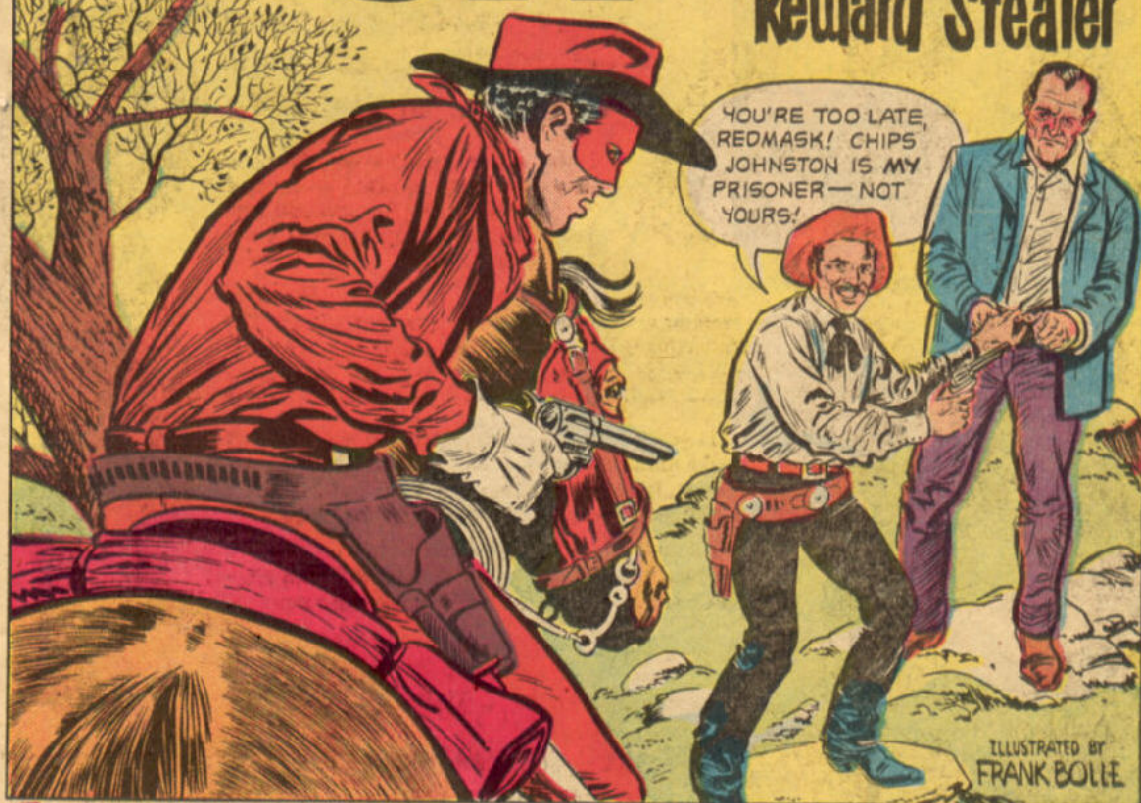
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THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS SPONSORED BY
THE NATIONAL SPORTS COUNCIL
33 West 46th Street, New York 36, New York Dept. E-26

RED MASK

CAN REDMASK BE LOSING THE MAGIC TOUCH THAT MAKES HIM SUCH A GREAT LAWMAN? IS BOUNTY HUNTER, FRED ELKINS, SO MUCH BETTER THAN HE AT TRACKING DOWN AND CAPTURING A WANTED MAN? PERHAPS THERE IS A FAR MORE SINISTER SCHEME CONFRONTING THE CRIMSON CAVALIER OF THE RIO GRANDE THAN THE RIDDLE OF HIS OWN HELPLESSNESS, HOWEVER—AS HE FINDS HIMSELF BEATEN AT EVERY TURN BY

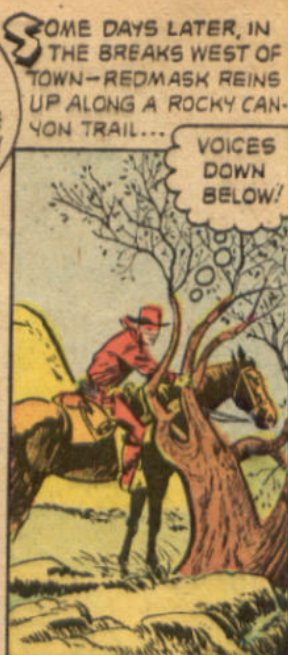
THE Reward Stealer



EVERY MORNING REDMASK EXAMINES THE NEW REWARD DODGERS THAT ARRIVE IN THE DAILY MAIL—

HMM. RED MIKE GAVIN—WANTED FOR ARMED ROBBERY UP TUCSON WAY! I'D BETTER GET AFTER HIM PRONTO!





REDMASK JESTS, BUT DEEP INSIDE HIM, HE IS HURT AND VAGUELY ALARMED...



IS IT HIS IMAGINATION? DO PEOPLE TALK ABOUT HIM ANGRILY—OR WORSE, SYMPATHETICALLY...



BUSINESSMEN MAKE JOKES ABOUT HIS FAILURES, BUT THEIR FACES ARE TIGHT AND GRIM...



ANGRY AND SICK AT HEART, REDMASK IS ON THE TRAIL AT SUNUP...





LOOKS AS IF MAYBE I WILL CAPTURE YOU AT THAT!



LOOSEN YOUR SHELLBELT, TATE, NICE AND EASY!

YOU WIN, REDMASK! YOU CAUGHT ME!



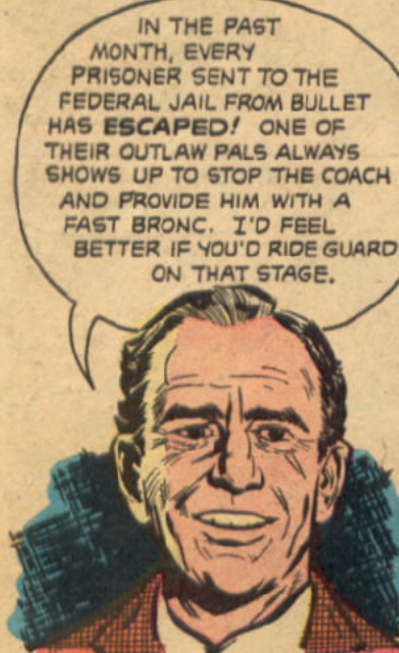
OH, HELLO, ELKINS. LOOKS AS IF I GOT HERE AHEAD OF YOU, THIS TIME, AT LEAST!

IN THE TOWN OF BULLET, AFTER JAILING TATE BELCHEN, THE CRIMSON CAVALIER FINDS FEDERAL MARSHAL, HANK LUMAN, WAITING FOR HIM.



YOU'LL BE GLAD TO KNOW TATE BELCHEN IS OUR PRISONER, HANK! I BROUGHT HIM IN MYSELF!

I WISH YOU'D BRING HIM TO THE FEDERAL JAIL IN ARROYO GAP, REDMASK!



IN THE PAST MONTH, EVERY PRISONER SENT TO THE FEDERAL JAIL FROM BULLET HAS ESCAPED! ONE OF THEIR OUTLAW PALS ALWAYS SHOWS UP TO STOP THE COACH AND PROVIDE HIM WITH A FAST BRONC. I'D FEEL BETTER IF YOU'D RIDE GUARD ON THAT STAGE.

NEXT AFTERNOON AS THE STAGE CARRYING OUTLAW TATE BELCHEN ROCKS AROUND A BEND IN SADDLE ROCK—

MASKED MEN UP ON THE ROCKS. KEEP GOING, DRIVER!



I'M LEAVING YOU HERE TO GO AFTER HIM! THE PRISONER WILL BE SAFE ENOUGH FROM HERE ON TO ARROYO GAP!

THE TRAIL OF THE MASKED MAN ENDS ON THE
HARDBACKED
LAVA FLATS...

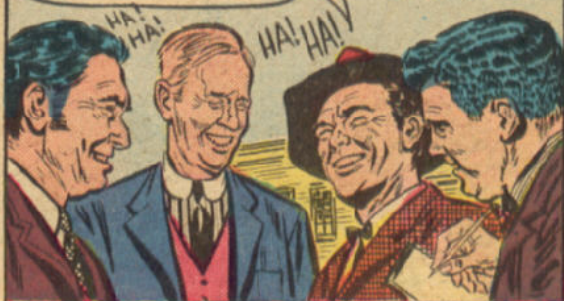
HE'S GONE, WHOEVER HE
IS! NO SENSE CONTINUING
THE SEARCH. I'LL NEVER
FIND A TRACK ON THIS
HARD STUFF.



SOME HOURS LATER, IN ARROYO GAP...

ALL YOU REPORTERS WILL GET THE
STORY FROM REDMASK, BUT GO EASY ON
HIM. HE'S CARRYING SOME DYNAMITE
BACK TO BULLET FOR ME—AND I DON'T
WANT HIM HOT UNDER
THE COLLAR! HA! HA! HA!

HA!
HA! HA! HA!



IN BULLET, FRED ELKINS IS
AMONG THE FIRST TO OFFER
HIS CONGRATULATIONS...

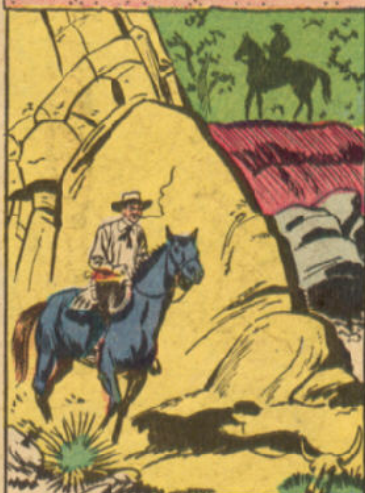
NICE WORK, REDMASK.
IT WAS SMART OF YOU
TO HAVE A BRONCHANDY
TO GO AFTER THAT
MASKED MAN, EVEN IF
HE DID GET AWAY OVER
THE LAVA FLATS!



HOW DID ELKINS KNOW ABOUT
THE LAVA FLATS? I NEVER
MENTIONED THEM TO MARSHAL
LUMAN OR THOSE REPORTERS!
THE ONLY WAY HE COULD KNOW
IS BECAUSE—HE HIMSELF
WAS THE MASKED MAN WHO
TRIED TO FREE BELCHEN!



TWO DAYS LATER, WHEN THE
BOUNTY-HUNTER RIDES OUT
AFTER WANTED TRAIN ROBBER,
SPUR EVANS, THE CRIMSON
CAVALIER IS CLOSE BEHIND...



DEEP IN THE HILLS, ELKINS KEEPS A RENDEZ-
VOUS WITH SPUR EVANS—

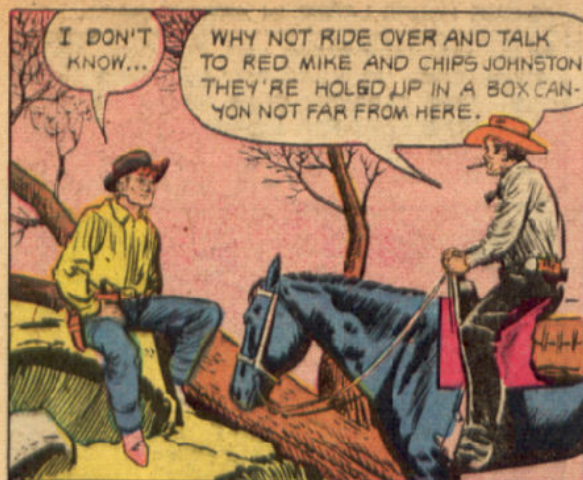
WELL, ARE
YOU READY TO
GO THROUGH
WITH IT?

"TATE BELCHEN
IS STILL A PRISONER!
YOU DIDN'T FREE
HIM!



I DIDN'T GET A REWARD FOR
HIM! JUST THE SAME, I TRIED TO
RESCUE HIM. I'M IN THIS FOR PROFIT,
EVANS! I ARREST YOU WANTED MEN—
SET YOU FREE BY HOLDING UP THE
STAGE—AND COLLECT THE
REWARD! I SPLIT THE
REWARD WITH YOU. WE
BOTH MAKE MONEY ON
THE DEAL!

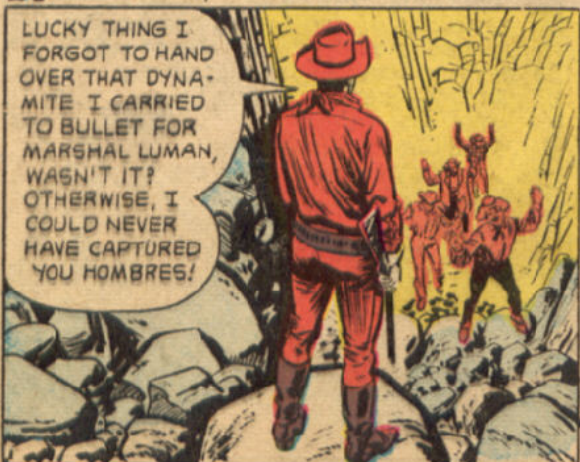




THE SUN IS SETTING WHEN FRED ELKINS AND SPUR EVANS DISMOUNT TO TALK WITH RED MIKE AND CHIPS JOHNSTON...



NEXT MORNING, AFTER A SLEEPLESS NIGHT...



100 AIRPLANES

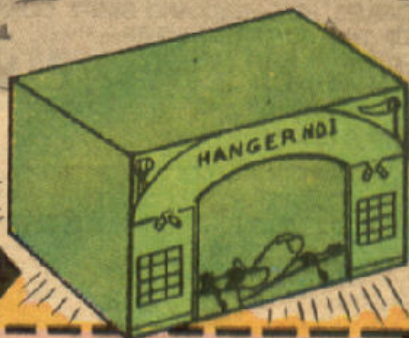
\$1.25



WOW!

100 Airplanes for only \$1.25. Imagine being the owner of a whole fleet of real plastic airplanes! All kinds . . . jets, warplanes, transports! Have fun for hours with your friends and family.

**PACKED IN THIS HANGAR
TOY STORAGE BOX**



Rush Coupon →

Each set of 100 airplanes comes packed in a sturdy Hangar...After you're through playing with the airplanes, back they go into the hangar for the night.

Josely Co., Dept. R.M.53
1472 Broadway, New York, N.Y.
Folks:

Here's my \$1.25. Rush 100 Airplanes in special hangar. If not 100% delighted my money will be refunded.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

No C.O.D.'s

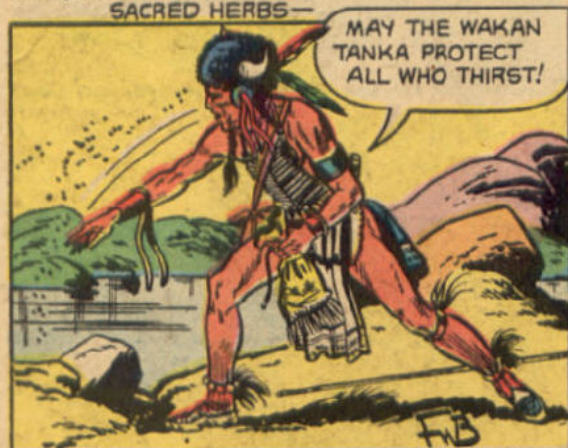
RED MASK



WHEN A GROUP OF ANGRY CITIZENS ACCUSE THE GREEN PHANTOM—THE GIRL DEPUTY—OF BEING THE LEADER OF THE NOTORIOUS GREEN MASK GANG OF HARDCASE OUTLAWS, REDMASK SEES RED! AN EVIL WEB OF CIRCUMSTANCE POINTS TO HER AS THE BRAIN BEHIND TRAIN AND STAGE ROBBERIES, BUT REDMASK CANNOT BELIEVE IT. TO PROVE HER INNOCENCE, HE DARES HOT LEAD AND SWIFT GUNPLAY TO PUT AN END TO THE RUMORS ABOUT—

THE OUTLAW GIRL

THE WATERHOLE IS THE GATHERING PLACE OF THE DESERT. HERE COMES THE PAWNEE MEDICINE MAN, TO BLESS AND PURIFY ITS WATER WITH SACRED HERBS—



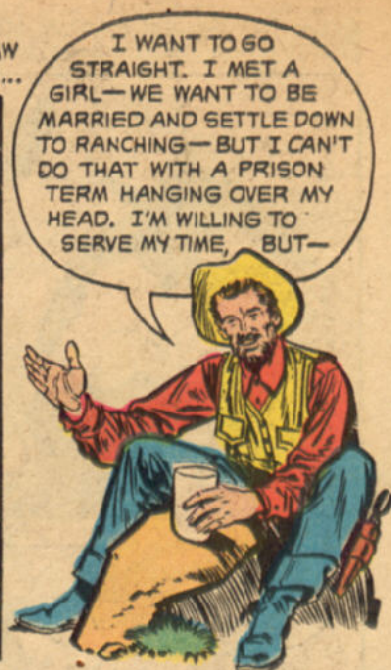
THE LONG-RIDING OUTLAW BENDS HERE TO DRINK HIS FILL...



THE BLACK PHANTOM
ALLOWS HER BRONC TO DRINK
DEEP OF ITS WATERS BEFORE
PUSHING ON INTO THE HIGH HILLS—



FROM THE WATERHOLE TO THE
ROCKY COUNTRY OF THE RIPSAP
HILLS IS ONLY A FEW HOURS' RIDE...



ON THE ROCKS
ABOVE,
REDMASK RISES
TO HIS FEET—



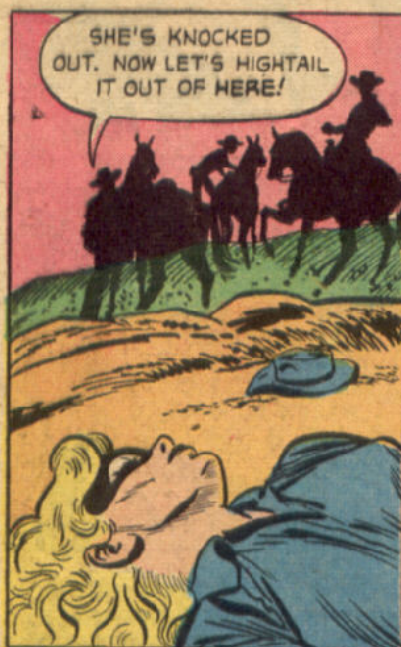
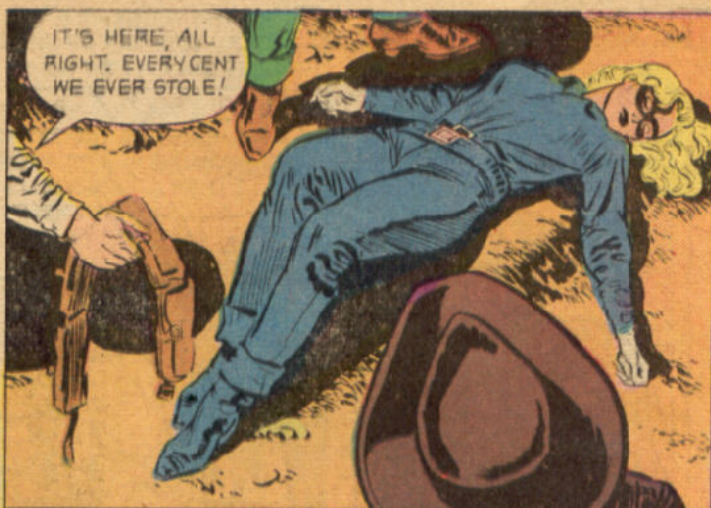
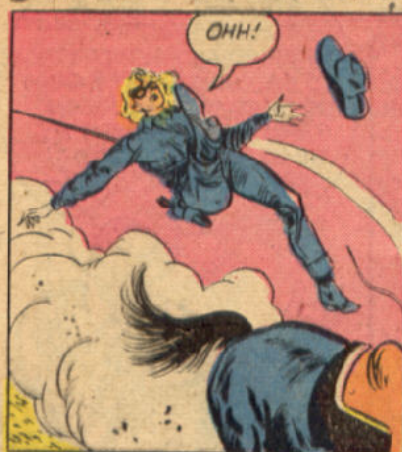
AS REDMASK AND ABEL RAYMOND
RIDE FOR ARROYO GAP—



BLACK PHANTOM RIDES FAST FOR BULLET WITH THE
MONEYBELT, TO PUT IT IN THE HANDS OF SHERIFF GAGE...



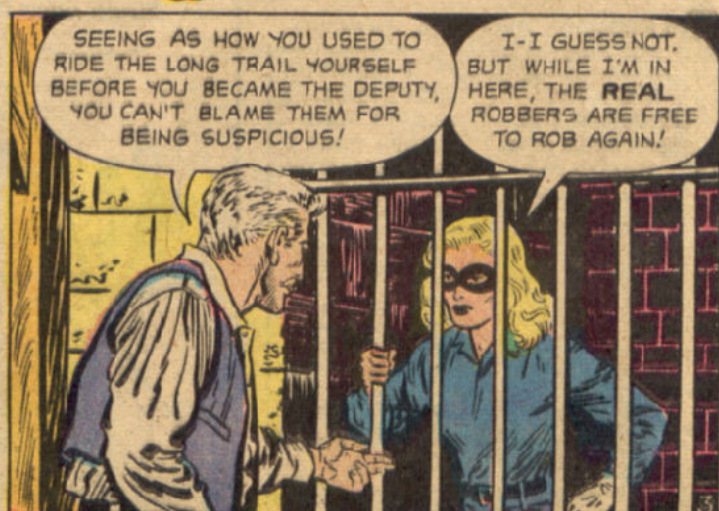
SILENT IN THE AIR, A LARIAT LOOP
DROPS DOWN OVER THE GIRL DEPUTY!



SOMEWHAT LATER, BLACK
PHANTOM RECOVERS
FROM HER DAZE, RIDING
HARD TO BULLET, SHE
ARRIVES AT DUSK...



BEHIND THE SHERIFF ARE
GROUPED SOME OF THE RICHEST
RANCHERS IN THE BASIN. THEIR
FACES ARE HARD AND COLD...



NEXT DAY, WHEN REDMASK RETURNS FROM ARROYO GAP—



ARE YOU RANCHER'S LOCO? BLACK PHANTOM HAS BEEN A GOOD DEPUTY FOR A LONG TIME!

THERE WAS A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IN COLD CASH IN THAT MONEYBELT!



FOR THAT KIND OF MONEY, SHE MIGHT HAVE GONE BAD AGAIN! MATTER OF FACT, I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF BLACK PHANTOM WERE THE MYSTERIOUS LEADER OF THAT GANG!

NOW I KNOW YOU'RE LOCO!

MOMENTS LATER—



TO SHOW HOW MUCH I TRUST HER, I'M GOING TO ARRANGE TO HAVE A BOND POSTED FOR HER RELEASE!

WHEN THE BLACK PHANTOM HAS BEEN ALLOWED OUT OF JAIL ON A SURETY BOND—



HERE'S THE ROPE THEY DRAGGED ME DOWN WITH. IT'S THE ONLY CLUE I HAVE!

A MAGUEY ROPE—OF INDIAN WORKMANSHIP!

AT HIGH NOON, REDMASK AND BLACK PHANTOM FACE THEIR PONIES BETWEEN THE PAINTED TEPEES OF A PAWNEE VILLAGE—



ONLY ONE MAN IN THESE PARTS CAN MAKE AS FINE A ROPE AS THAT. DRAGGING HORSE, OF THE PAWNEE NATION!



THERE'S ANOTHER FINE OLD INDIAN—RUNNING HARE. HE'S ON HIS WAY NOW TO BLESS THE DESERT WATER-HOLES. HE MAKES THE TRIP THREE TIMES A YEAR!



THIS IS MY WORK, REDMASK. BUT I MAKE MANY SUCH ROPES. I CANNOT TELL YOU TO WHOM I SOLD THIS ONE!

MANY OF MY
ROPES TRAVEL FAR AWAY
BY MAIL. AROUND HERE, I
SELL TO SUCH RICH RANCHERS
AS BEN RAMONOS. IT IS HARD
WORK TO COLLECT THE MAGUEY
FIBRES, HARD WORK TO CAREFULLY
BRAID THEM INTO GOOD ROPES.
I MUST CHARGE MUCH MONEY.
NOT MANY MEN ARE WILL-
ING TO PAY...



MASKING THEIR DISAPPOINT-
MENT, REDMASK AND BLACK
PHANTOM RETURN TO BULLET...

THAT TRAIL
CERTAINLY LED
TO NOWHERE!
RAMONOS IS A
BIG TIME RANCHER,
THE HEAD OF THE
CATTLEMEN'S
ASSOCIATION!



IN TOWN THAT NIGHT, AS
REDMASK MAKES HIS
ROUNDS...

WHAT—?



REDMASK AND HIS ATTACKERS STRUGGLE IN THE DARK—

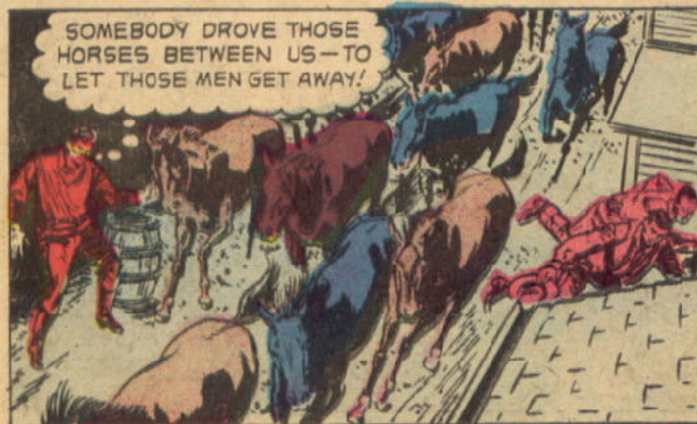


SUDDENLY THE BULLET LAWMAN
BREAKS FREE—

YOU'RE BOTH
UNDER ARREST!



WITH A THUNDER OF DRUMMING HOOFS, A BAND OF
WILD HORSES COMES TEARING ALONG THE SIDE STREET...



SOMEBODY DROVE THOSE
HORSES BETWEEN US—TO
LET THOSE MEN GET AWAY!

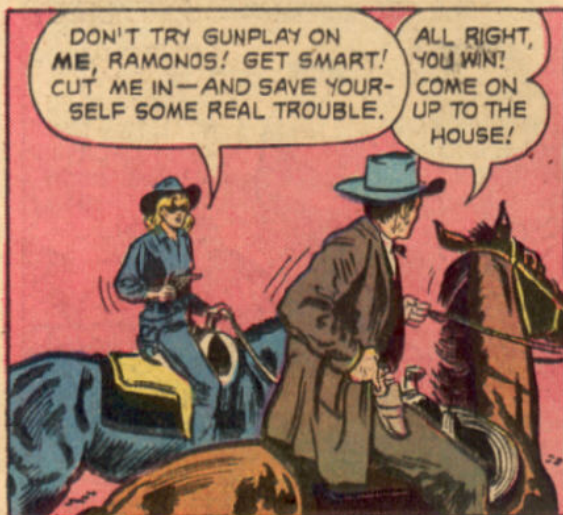
AT THAT SAME MOMENT IN
THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...



WHEN THE MASKED RIDER OF THE RIO GRANDE ENTERS THE OFFICE, AFTER A FUTILE CHASE OF HIS ATTACKERS—



NEXT DAY, AS THE SUN RIDES HIGH ABOVE THE NORTH BOUNDARY LINE OF THE RAMONOS CRAZY R RANCH...



AFTER HE PAYS OFF THE BLACK PHANTOM, THE CRAZY R OWNER SUMMONS THREE HARD-CASE RIDERS—



THAT IS
MARKED MONEY.
MONEY OUR GREEN MASK
GANG STOLE FROM THE BANK
JOB IN SILVER CITY. WHEN THEY
FIND HER THERE AND THE MONEY
ON HER, THEY'LL THINK SHE'S
THE HEAD OF THE GREEN
MASK GANG FOR SURE!



AN HOUR LATER, ALONG THE
ROCKY TRAIL TO BULLET...

GOOD THING
WE CAME BY
THIS SHORTCUT
TO GET AHEAD
OF HER!

STOP
TALKING
AND
SHOOT!



WITH STARTLING SUDDENNESS,
A ROPE FALLS OUT OF THE AIR—



EVERYTHING WORKED
OUT JUST AS WE
PLANNED. RAMONOS
SENT HIS MEN AFTER
YOU. I SHADOWED
THEM UNTIL THEY
MADE THEIR PLAY!

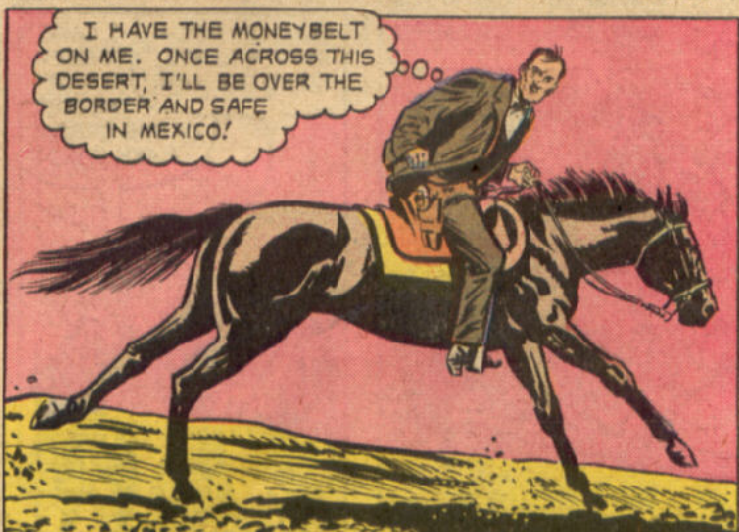
BEST
OF ALL,
HE GAVE
ME **MARKED**
MONEY.

HE PLANNED
TO HAVE IT
FOUND ON ME TO
PROVE MY GUILT.
IT'LL BOOMERANG—
TO CONVICT HIM!



FROM A SAFE DISTANCE, BEN RAMONOS HAS SEEN WHAT HAS
HAPPENED. HE FLEES AT A MAD GALLOP TOWARD THE DESERT—

I HAVE THE MONEYBELT
ON ME. ONCE ACROSS THIS
DESERT, I'LL BE OVER THE
BORDER AND SAFE
IN MEXICO!



FOLLOWING HIM, REDMASK AND
BLACK PHANTOM ARRIVE AT
A DESERT WATERHOLE...

I AM ALL RIGHT,
REDMASK. BEN RAMONOS
FOUND ME HERE AND
KNOCKED ME OUT TO KEEP
ME FROM TELLING WHICH
WAY HE WENT. BUT HE
CANNOT GO FAR!



THE CHASE ENDS AT THE NEXT WATERHOLE...

MY HERBS DO MORE THAN
BLESS THE WATER I CAST
THEM IN. THEY ALSO PURIFY
IT OF POISONS. RAMONOS DID
NOT KNOW THAT I HAD NOT
YET USED MY HERBS...
ON THIS WATERHOLE!

HE DRANK
SOME POLLUTED
WATER AND
PASSED OUT. BUT
HE'LL LIVE TO GO
TO JAIL FOR HIS
CRIMES. NOW
LET'S TAKE HIM
IN...



JET "ROCKET" SPACE SHIP! \$4⁹⁸



THE MOST SENSATIONAL TOY IN AMERICA

It's Gigantic — Over 7 Feet Long Control levers that work!

FEATURES

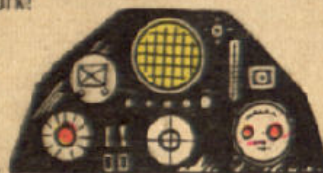
- Real Space Ship Design
- Sturdy Interlocked Construction
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For you — a real streamlined Space Ship big enough to hold you and a pal on trips through space. It's complete with all the newest scientific advances of flights of the future. There's no more make-believe, no more pretending with small models. This is really it! You are pilot, captain, and gunner — your friend can be observer and navigator.

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There you are giving orders as captain of your own sleek, streamlined beauty. You check your radar antenna screen for all clear. You test all radio instruments and equipment. You close the hinged cockpit cover and check your Star Map of space. Then, with all your jet and rocket flying equipment in action, you BLAST OFF! You set your course, steering with the directional jets at the stern which are controlled by separate throttles at your fingertips. Your forward disintegrator guns go into action. Your fully-equipped radar instrument panel shows the target. You release your load of powerful nuclear bombs and bullseye! You return home victoriously, set your reversing mechanism and you're in for a quick landing. This is just an idea of all the wonderful things you can do with your sensational new Space Ship. Sturdily constructed of 3-ply fibreboard, it will bring you more fun and adventure than you've ever known. Easy to assemble.

Only \$4.98



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- RADAR SCREEN
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- BOMB SIGHT
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Don't delay! Order now! We are so sure you will be thrilled as never before, we offer you a full 10-Day Free Trial under our ironclad MONEY BACK GUARANTEE plan. Because of its gigantic size, we are forced to ask for 63c postage charges.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

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35 Wilbur St., Lynbrook, N. Y.

Rush my jet "Rocket" Space Ship on 10 Day Free Trial for only \$4.98. If I am not completely delighted I may return it for prompt refund of full purchase price.

☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$4.98 plus postage.

☐ I enclose \$4.98 plus 63c postage and handling charge for my Space Ship. Same Money Back Guarantee.

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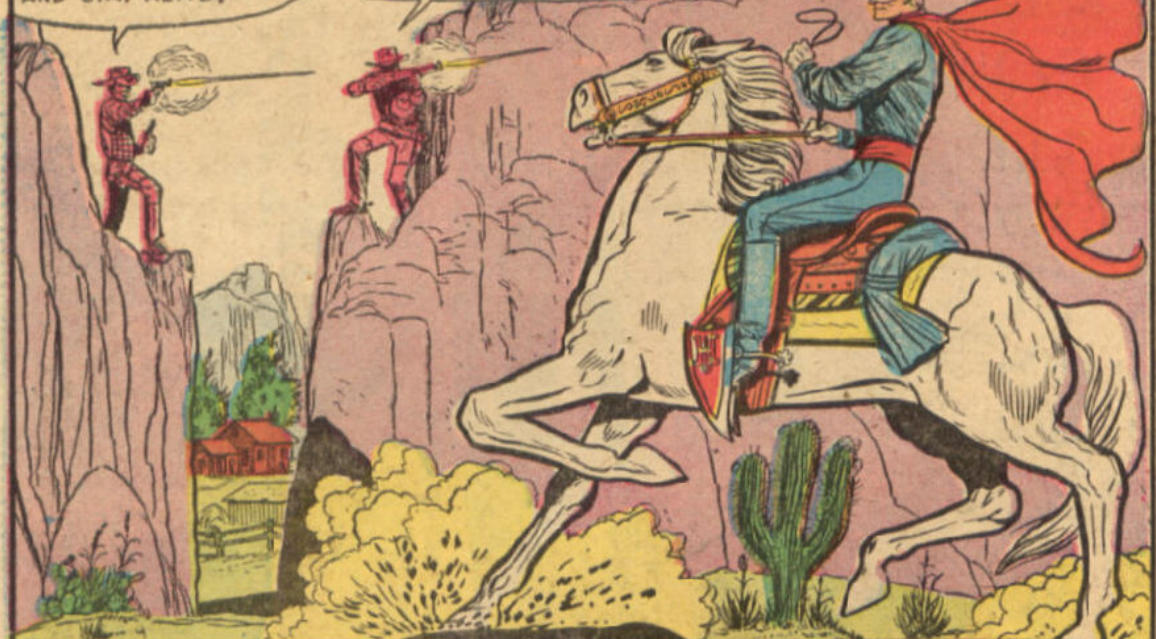
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THE PRESTO KID

THE LAWMAN-MAGICIAN WHO NEVER PACKS A GUN HAS BEEN UP AGAINST TOUGH OUTLAWS BEFORE! BUT THE **CANYON GANG** HAS AN IMPREGNABLE HIDEOUT AND IT LOOKS AS IF **THE PRESTO KID** HAS MET HIS MATCH!

LOOK AT PRESTO PULL REIN! HE KNOWS HE CAN'T COME CLOSER AND STAY ALIVE!

IN THIS CANYON HIDEOUT OF OURS, WE COULD HOLD OFF A WHOLE ARMY! **NOBODY** CAN GET US HERE!

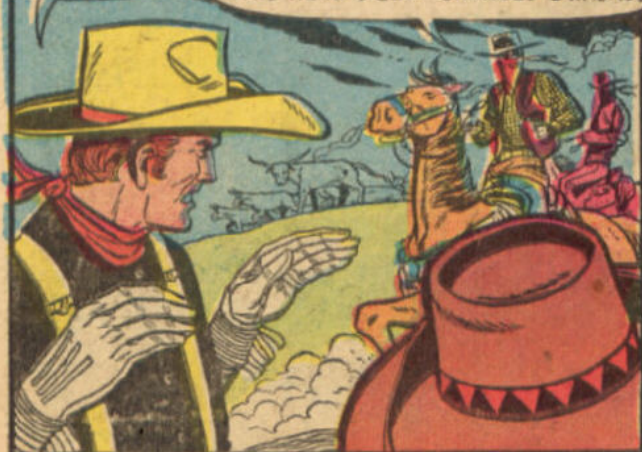


EDITOR'S NOTE: IN EVERY "PRESTO KID" TALE YOU'LL FIND A FEAT OF MAGIC CLEARLY EXPLAINED — SO ALL YOU JUNIOR PRESTOES CAN MYSTIFY YOUR FRIENDS AND FAMILIES!

GUNFIRE SHATTERS THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT...

RUSTLERS!

START DRIVING THE STEERS, MEN! THIS HERD'S JUST CHANGED OWNERS!



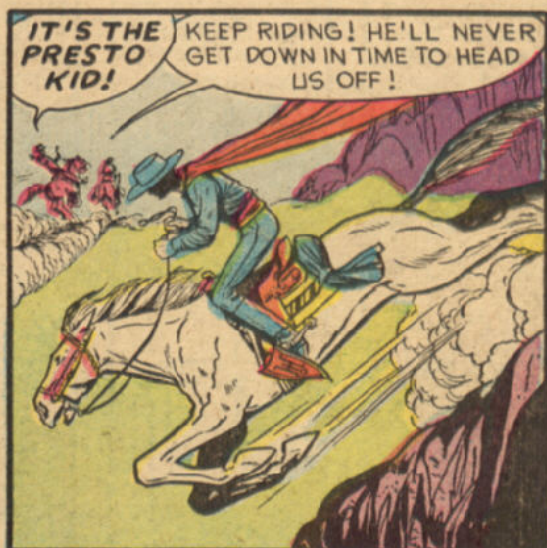
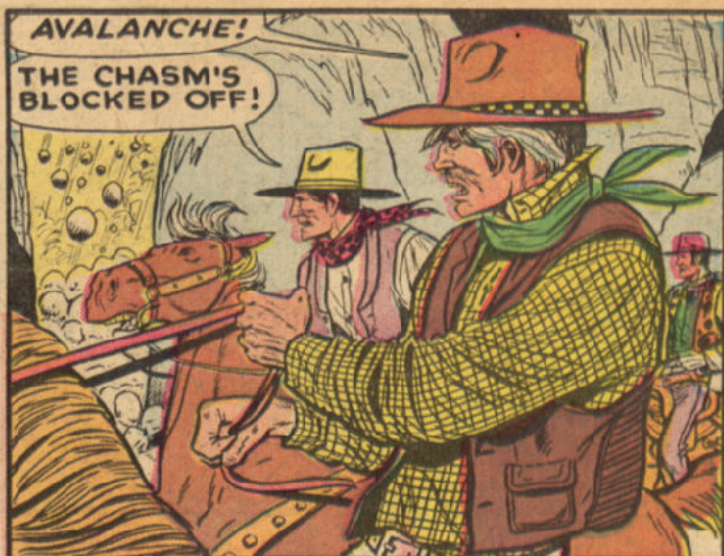
LATER...

LONGDROP CHASM'S DEAD AHEAD, BOSS!

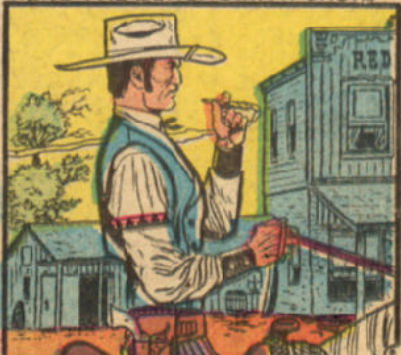
GOOD! ONCE WE RIDE THROUGH, THERE'LL BE NO STOPPING US FROM GETTING THE HERD OVER THE BORDER!



A LONE RIDER WATCHES FROM THE CHASM TOP—**THE PRESTO KID!**

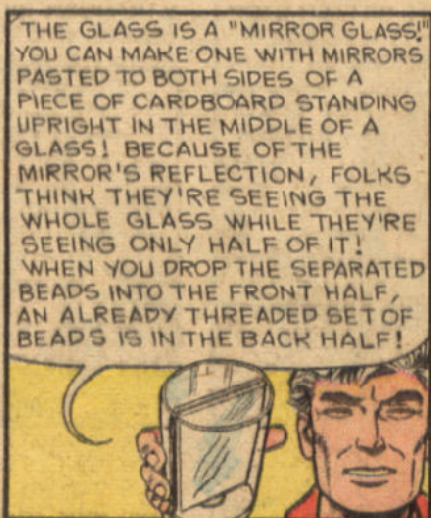
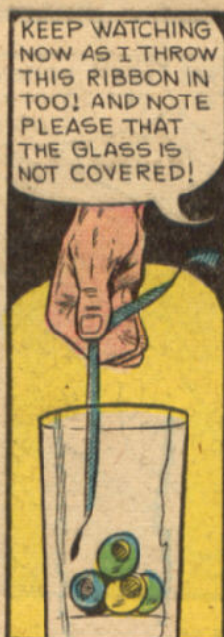
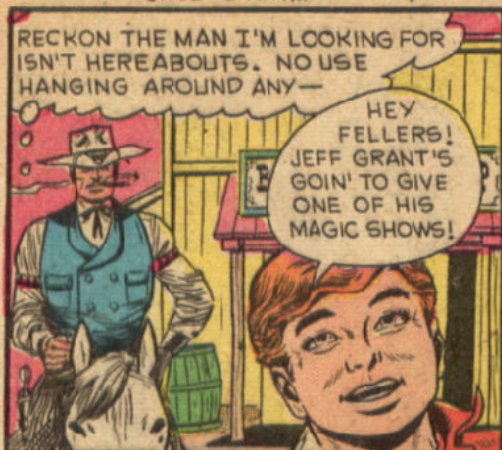


DAYS LATER, A HARD FACED STRANGER RIDES INTO RED GULCH, WHERE JEFF GRANT RUNS THE BLACKSMITH SHOP.



(EDITOR'S NOTE: PRESTO'S MOST CLOSELY GUARDED SECRET IS THAT HE AND JEFF GRANT ARE ONE AND THE SAME MAN ...!)

AFTER GIVING RED GULCH A THOROUGH
ONCE-OVER...



PRESTO MADE TWO MISTAKES! THE FIRST WAS TO BUST UP OUR RUSTLING RAID AND GET THE BOSS SO SORE HE'S HAD ME DO NOTHING BUT TRY TO TRACK PRESTO DOWN EVER SINCE. AND HIS SECOND MISTAKE WAS TO RUN THE MAGIC SHOW JUST NOW!



THAT NIGHT —

WHO'S THAT OUT THERE?

GRAB AIR, PRESTO!



PRESTO? YEAH! MOUNT UP... WE'RE HEADING BACK FOR THE CANYON!



LATER—

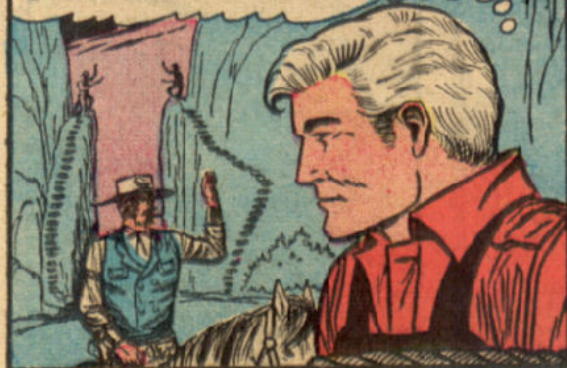
HOWDY— WHERE'S THE BOSS AND THE REST OF THE GANG?

THEY'RE PULLING A JOB OVER AT SAWTOOTH JUNCTION!



WHILE THE OUTLAWS PALAVER, JEFF GRANT LOOKS AROUND —

THIS HIDEOUT'S A PERFECT FORT! ONLY ONE NARROW OPENING... PLENTY OF DRINKING WATER FROM THAT STREAM... AND A BIG FOOD CACHE! HMM— THEY EVEN HAVE TNT HERE!

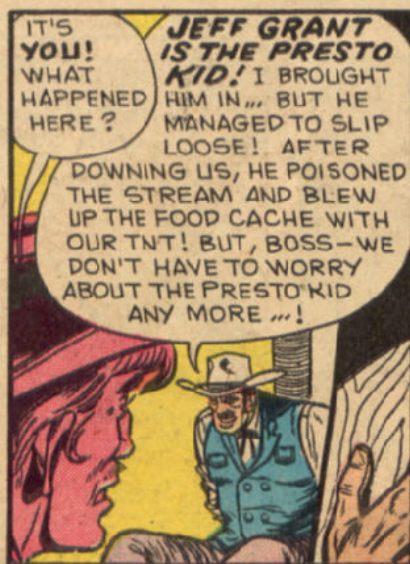
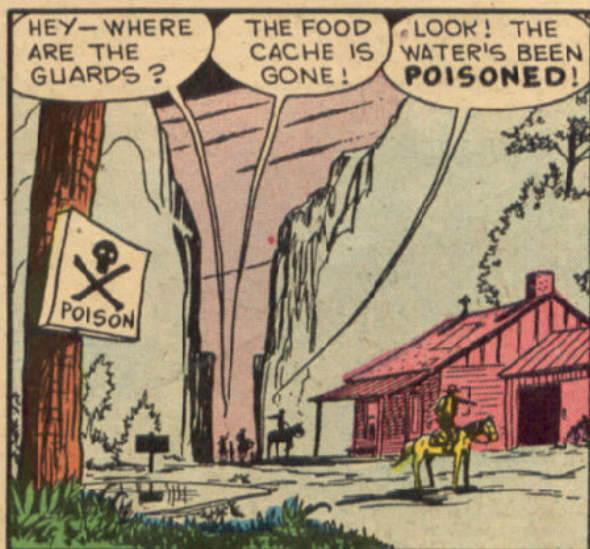
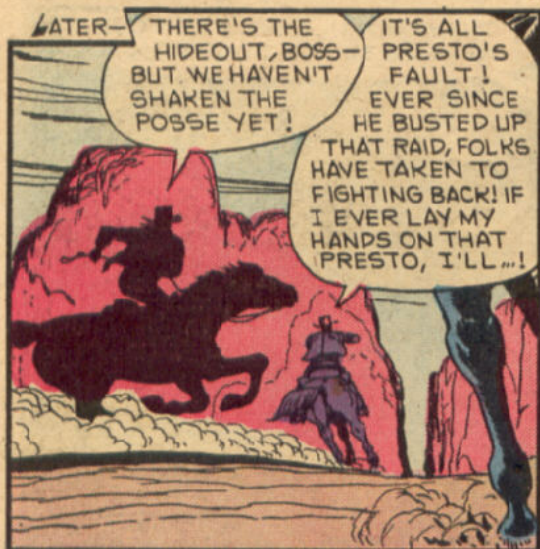


MEANWHILE, AT SAWTOOTH JUNCTION —

WE GOT THE SWAG, MEN! HIT LEATHER!

BOSS! LOOK! THAT WATCHMAN WHO GOT AWAY ROUSED THE SHERIFF! THEY'VE ROUNDED UP A POSSE!





MEANWHILE, AT THE CANYON'S
NARROW OPENING —

MUST BE A BUNCH OF HOTHEADS IN
THAT POSSE FOR THEM TO TRY
CHARGING OVER THAT OPEN
GROUND!

BET THIS'LL
COOL THEM
OFF!



WE'RE RID OF PRESTO, BOSS,
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE POSSE?
WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER,
WE CAN'T HOLE UP IN HERE
TOO LONG!

AND THAT POSSE'S
LINED UP TOO TIGHT
FOR US TO TRY RUSHING
THROUGH!

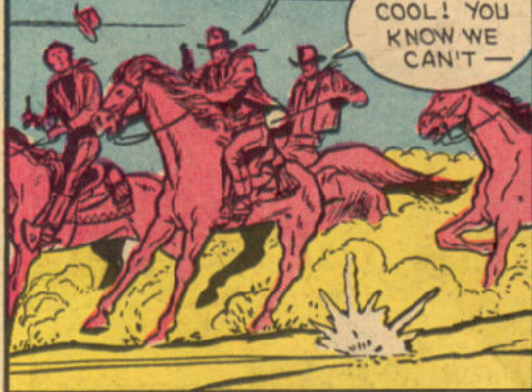


IF WE'RE LUCKY, THE
HOTHEADS IN THE
POSSE WILL TRY
ANOTHER CHARGE!
AND IF THEY DO, SHOOT
STRAIGHT, MEN!
BECAUSE THE MORE
OF THEM WE PICK
OFF... THE LESS
THERE'LL BE TO STOP
US ONCE WE TRY
BREAKING THROUGH
THEIR LINE!



WHAT'RE WE GOING TO DO, SHERIFF —
HOLD THIS LINE FOREVER? THOSE
BADHATS HAVE ENOUGH FOOD AND WATER
IN THERE FOR A YEAR'S SEIGE!

NOW
LET'S STAY
COOL! YOU
KNOW WE
CAN'T —



CAN'T IS A YELLOW-LIVERED WORD! WE'VE
LET THAT GANG BULLY US LONG ENOUGH! I
SAY — **LET'S RUSH THEM!**

I'M WITH YOU!

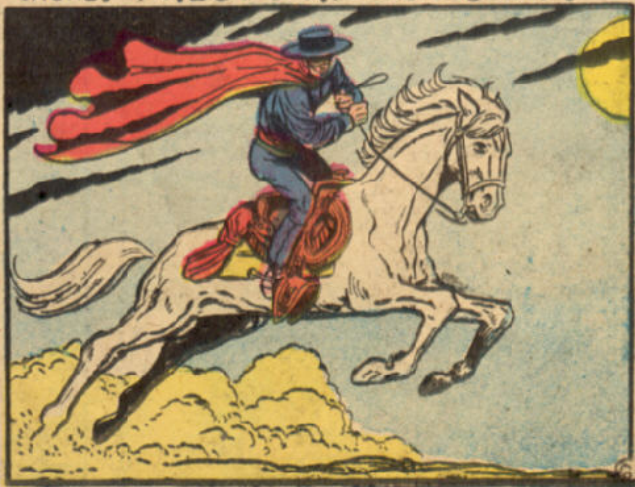
ME
TOO!



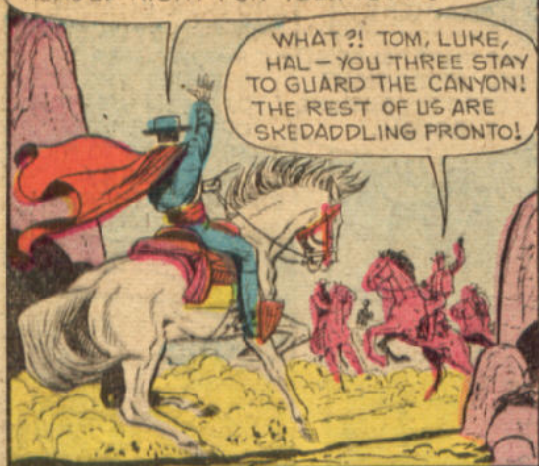
HERE THEY COME, MEN... PLAYING
RIGHT INTO OUR HANDS! JUST WAIT
TILL THEY'RE IN RANGE...!



JUST THEN, OUT OF THE NIGHT COMES THE MAN
WHO'D BEEN SEEN GO SKY-HIGH WITH THE FOOD
CACHE! **PRESTO RIDES AGAIN!**



YOU'RE NEEDED BACK AT SAWTOOTH JUNCTION! THE ARAPAHOS ARE ON THE WARPATH AND HEADED RIGHT FOR YOUR TOWN!



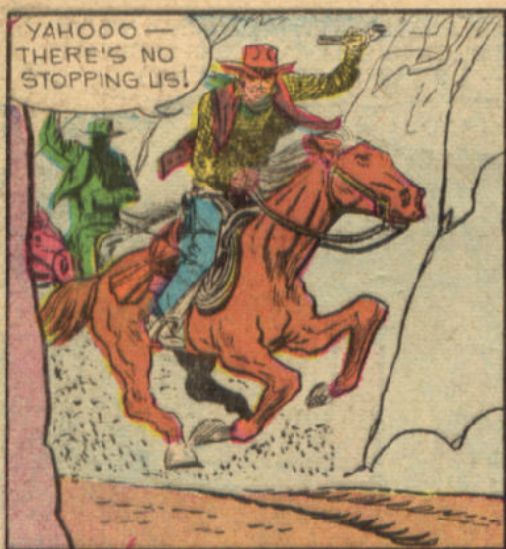
WHAT?! TOM, LUKE, HAL - YOU THREE STAY TO GUARD THE CANYON! THE REST OF US ARE SKEDADDLING PRONTO!

THEY'VE VAMOOSED! THERE ARE ONLY THREE OF THEM OUT THERE NOW!

MOUNT UP, MEN! WE'RE GOING TO RUSH RIGHT THROUGH THEM!



YAHOOO - THERE'S NO STOPPING US!



WHAT -!?! THE REST OF THE POSSE! THEY'VE BEEN HIDING BEHIND THE RIDGE! WE'VE BEEN TRICKED!

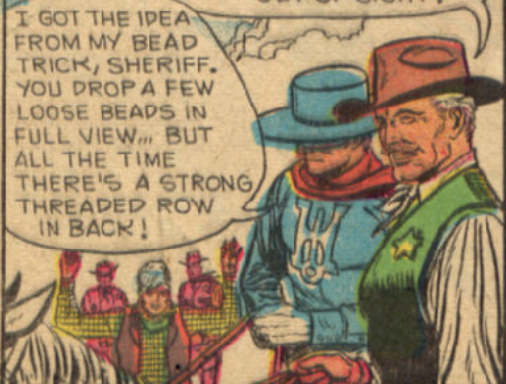
BOSS! LOOK! THERE'S THE PRESTO KID LEADING THEM! I THOUGHT HE WAS FINISHED IN THAT EXPLOSION - HE CAN'T BE JEFF GRANT!



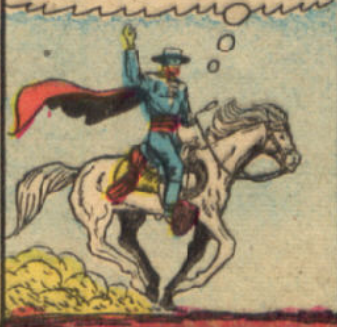
THROW DOWN YOUR ARMS, MEN! I KNOW WHEN WE'RE LICKED!

THERE'D HAVE BEEN A HEAP OF BLOODSHED IF NOT FOR THAT FAKE MESSAGE OF YOURS ABOUT THE ARAPAHOS, PRESTO! THAT WAS REAL SLICK - HAVING US RIDE OFF ONLY TO SET UP AN AMBUSH SOON AS WE WERE OUT OF SIGHT!

I GOT THE IDEA FROM MY BEAD TRICK, SHERIFF. YOU DROP A FEW LOOSE BEADS IN FULL VIEW... BUT ALL THE TIME THERE'S A STRONG THREADED ROW IN BACK!



"WHEN I SPOTTED THAT OUTLAW IN RED GULCH AS A MEMBER OF THE GANG BY ODD MARK OF HIS MOUNT'S HOOFPRIINT, I STAGED THE MAGIC SHOW ON PURPOSE! I WANTED HIM TO SUSPECT ME AND TAKE ME BACK TO THE CANYON..."



ONLY WAY I COULD MESS UP THEIR HIDEOUT WAS TO GET INSIDE! THAT WAS JUST SALT I POURED INTO THEIR WATER AND I JUST TRICKED THEM INTO BELIEVING I WAS BLOWN UP BY THE TNT! I HAD TO DO THAT OR ELSE WORD WOULD HAVE SPREAD THAT PRESTO AND JEFF GRANT ARE THE SAME MAN...!



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NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

PRESTO COMES BACK

JEFF GRANT was smiling as he rode down the slope towards Sawtooth Junction. He'd been meaning to head down this way for a month of Sundays to see all his old friends—but that last flare-up of owlhoot shenanigans in his home territory had kept him hopping like a shoeless tenderfoot on a cactus spread.

But now Jeff's home territory was scrubbed clean of all lawless varmints, for a while anyway—and at last he was going to get together again with his friends in the small town that nestled just ahead in the bottom of the valley.

No doubt about it—Jeff had a soft spot big as a boulder in his heart for Sawtooth Junction. It had been his home before he'd settled down for good at Red Gulch—and there wasn't a man, woman, or young 'un here who didn't call him by his first name, and smile when they called him.

Only, of course, they didn't know he was also *The Presto Kid*, that masked, magic-using lawman who rode without guns! Jeff had to play that secret real close to his chest. If word ever spread around who Presto's friends were, owlhoots would try to get back at him by making those friends suffer. But Jeff had managed, from time to time before this long spell of late, to come riding in his Presto get-up and help out all those in the valley town who had trouble.

His horse was scuffing up Main Street dust now, and Jeff's smile had grown as wide as an uncut pie. "More than likely," he said to himself, "the townsfolk'll throw a big shindig in welcome of me. There'll be mountains of home-cooked vittels, a neap of back slapping and tall-tale swapping, and some barn dancing too..."

Jeff had dismounted and was tethering-up in front of the Mandarin Hotel when he saw Doc Thompson, as straightbacked as ever, coming up the street.

"Howdy, doc!"

Jeff's hand stayed outstretched for a full ten seconds before it started to waver—then dropped limply back to his side.

For Doc Thompson had walked by stiff-

legged, after one sour stare.

"Doc—it's me!" Jeff yelled unbelievably. "What's the matter, doc? Your eyes gone bad?"

But the doctor didn't answer. If anything, he just quickened his stiff-legged gait as he kept moving down the street.

Before Jeff had a chance to taste the full bitter flavor of the curt brush-off, he spotted fat old Charlie Nixon, the owner of the stage-coach line, pushing his way out through the swinging doors of the Golden Slipper.

"Howdy," Jeff said carefully. "Long time no see."

But Charlie waddled by him, not even nodding—and Jeff was left standing alone, his face working with sudden dismay.

But that was moonlight-and-roses compared to how he felt after the rest of his old friends, one after the other, acted exactly the same—every last one of them passing him by without even a nod.

Jeff slowly untethered his mount. His smile had faded. His eyes were narrow now, glinting with anger. After easing into his saddle, he took one long last withering look at Sawtooth Junction, and then headed out of town.

His thoughts were bitter as he jogged along. He kept calling himself a fool for ever having been so sure he was well liked in these parts.

It was that sureness that had made him come galloping back again and again, as Presto, to help out some of the very people who had shunned his outstretched hand today.

Why, once when Charlie Nixon's stage-coach line had been going from bad to worse because of a gang of road agents, Presto had not only rounded up the gang—but had also forced a confession from the sidewinder who had been working with the gang from the inside.

Using hypnotism to create the Indian rope-trick illusion, Presto had got that sidewinder to believing that Presto was pulling him up the rope... and would keep pulling him right up beyond where the rope vanished

into thin air, unless he blurted out the truth.

So he'd confessed. He, as dispatcher, had fed routes and departure-times of the stage-coaches to the gang. And his confession had cleared **Charlie himself**—for the sheriff had **wrongly suspected Charlie** of being in cahoots with the gang!

And Doc Thompson! . . . What about the time the doc had been led up to an owlhoot hideout and forced to treat the gang boss for that common Western ailment known as *bullet wound*?

After the doc had finished with his work, those owlhoots were just about to finish *him* off to make sure he'd never be able to give away their location's hideout—when Presto had showed up, gunless as ever . . . and after a heap of mumbo-jumbo, had used a smoke flare both to mystify and temporarily blind the owlhoots, and had spirited doc away from right under their noses.

Jeff shook his head distastefully. He had no right to expect those folks to be grateful to him for Presto's good deeds. After all, they didn't know the two were one and the same man. It was *as Jeff* that they had always known and liked him—and it was *Jeff* whom they'd turned away from today. . . .

Suddenly he pulled rein, having decided to let his mount drink at the water hole that should be hereabouts at the side of the trail.

"Pssst—Jeff Grant!"

Jeff swivelled in his saddle. It was dusk now, and whoever had whispered, was standing back in the shadows.

"Jeff—it's me, Tad Thompson . . . the doc's boy!"

Jeff smiled thinly at the freckled young 'un. "Aren't you a mite free with your greetings, boy? Your father wouldn't even nod at me a half-hour ago on Main Street."

The boy spoke shrilly. "I rode ahead so I could tell you *why*, Jeff! Everybody in Sawtooth Junction likes you as much as ever! But *Bart Cragstone* has taken over the town! He moved in with his whole gang—and everybody's afraid to stand up to him!"

Jeff found himself leaning forward. "So?" he breathed eagerly.

"So when one of his men spotted you headed here, Bart warned everybody that if they as much as nodded at you when you came by, his men would squeeze trigger with their sights on you!"

"On me?"

The boy nodded. "That's right—because Bart doesn't want any outsider to hear tell of how he's hogtied the town! He figures if word should get around, the federal marshals would move right in on him!"

Jeff placed his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Then it was for my own sake that all the Sawtooth Junctioners shunned me?"

"No other reason, Jeff!"

Jeff blinked happily. "I was a fool not to believe in them," he said. "Know what we're going to do now, Tad?"

"Ride to the nearest federal marshal?"

"Nope—we won't have to ride that far. Just so happens a close friend of mine is camped nearby. Ever hear of the Presto Kid, Tad?"

Tad's eyes widened. "Oh boy—have I?!"

"Well, you slip back to town. And sooner than you think, Presto will come riding!"

And as soon as Tad had gone, Jeff unrolled his Presto mask and cape from his saddle-pack, and galloped for Sawtooth Junction!

Three hours later, a gloved hand reached in through one of the windows at the Golden Slipper and grabbed Bart Cragstone by the scruff of the collar. When that squat, beetle-browed bully saw who had hold of him, he bellowed, "PRESTO!" like a calf in branding. And the next thing he knew, he was being yanked clear out of the window!

Well, Bart's men weren't going to stand by while their boss was being manhandled! So they started rushing . . . only to land flat on their faces right outside the door! They lay there, staring shakily at the great Presto, wondering how he'd knocked them off their feet.

Presto smiled. It had been so downright easy it was almost shameful. Just stretch a thin black rope taut between two stakes in front of a door—and when men come piling out, that rope will be sure to make them pile up!

Then Presto turned to Bart who hadn't stopped trembling yet, and told him he could go join his men. When Bart heard that, he couldn't believe his ears. All that was keeping his men from squeezing trigger now, he thought, was that he was in the line of fire. The split second he'd leave Presto's side, they'd start blazing away.

But when Bart started walking, he saw with sinking heart that his men would squeeze no triggers tonight.

For *all the townsmen*, every last one of them, standing in doorways, on rooftops, leaning over window sills, had *their* shooting-irons trained on Bart's gang.

Presto's greatest feat of magic that night had been to hold a secret meeting with the townfolk before collaring Bart—and so talk away their fear that now their spines were stiffened enough to have showed themselves and to have cleared leather at his signal!

After seeing Bart and his men to the lock-up, Presto said he was needed elsewhere, and galloped off into the night.

And not long after, when Jeff Grant rode back into Sawtooth Junction, his old friends were able to give him the hearty greetings he'd so yearned for before. . . .

THE END

RED MASK

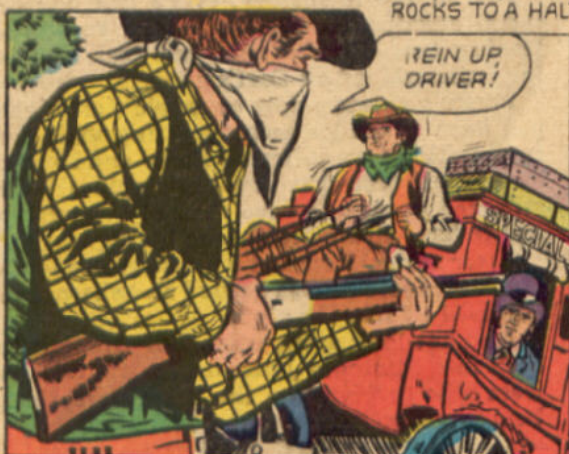
IT IS ONLY FITTING THAT THE MOST FAMOUS LAWMAN OF BULLET SHOULD BE REPRESENTED IN THE BULLET TOWN HALL WITH HIS PORTRAIT. OVER REDMASK'S PROTESTS, A GREAT WESTERN ARTIST PAINTS HIS PICTURE—MUCH TO THE ANNOYANCE OF THE BLACK MIKE GANG. FOR THE CRIMSON CAVALIER CAN PROVE PLENTY DANGEROUS, EVEN WHEN HE IS ONLY DONE IN OILS AS—

REDMASK by *Remiston*



A RIFLE CRACKS SHARPLY IN THE DRY ARIZONA AIR. WITH A SQUEAL OF BRAKES, A STAGECOACH ROCKS TO A HALT—

TERRITORIAL GOVERNOR LUCIAN K. TRUMBUL STEPS DOWN FROM THE COACH—



THAT BOX CONTAINS PUBLIC FUNDS! FUNDS TO BE USED TO COMPLETE THE NEW TOWN HALL IN BULLET!

WE CAN SPEND IT JUST AS IF WAS OUR OWN.



A THUD OF POUNDING HOOF SWINGS THE OUTLAWS AROUND. THERE IS A CRIMSON BLUR—!



YOU WON'T SPEND A CENT OF THAT MONEY, HOMBRE!

IT'S REDMASK!
I'LL GET HIM,
BOYS!



HERE I AM!
YOU'VE GOT ME!



BLESS MY SOUL!
THE MAN'S A HUMAN
WHIRLWIND! EVERY-
THING I'VE HEARD
ABOUT HIM IS
CERTAINLY TRUE!



BLACK MIKE AND HIS HARDCASE GUNMEN
FEEL EXACTLY AS DOES THE GOVERNOR. THEY
LEAP FOR THEIR SADDLE BRONCS—

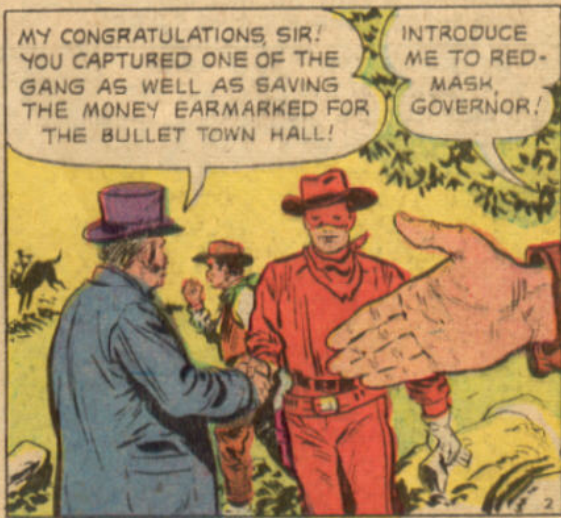
HIT YORE
SADDLE!

DON'T TRY
FIGHTING
HIM!



MY CONGRATULATIONS, SIR!
YOU CAPTURED ONE OF THE
GANG AS WELL AS SAVING
THE MONEY EARMARKED FOR
THE BULLET TOWN HALL!

INTRODUCE
ME TO RED-
MASK,
GOVERNOR!





THIS IS FREDERICH REMISTON, THE MOST FAMOUS WESTERN PAINTER OF THEM ALL!

I'D LIKE VERY MUCH TO DO YOUR PORTRAIT, REDMASK!



NOBODY WANTS MY PICTURE!

I DO! AND SO DO THOUSANDS OF OTHER MEN, WHO HAVE BEEN HELPED BY YOUR CONSTANT FIGHT AGAINST LAWLESSNESS. WE WILL HANG IT IN THE NEW TOWN HALL!

AND SO, MUCH AGAINST HIS WISH, REDMASK COMES TO POSE FOR A PORTRAIT BY THE GREAT WESTERN PAINTER OF THE PLAINS...



AT LAST—HOLD THAT POSE! THE OTHER PAINTINGS I'VE DONE WILL BE DISCARDED. THIS IS THE ONE THAT SHOWS YOU DETERMINED—AS IF FACING EVIL AND LAWLESSNESS TO OVERCOME IT!

ONE WEEK LATER, IN THE PARTIALLY COMPLETED TOWN HALL...



REDMASK, SOMEDAY THAT PAINTING WILL BE WORTH TEN TIMES AS MUCH MONEY AS THE BUILDING FUNDS I'VE PUT IN THE TOWN HALL SAFE!

BUT BLACK MIKE IS ONE MAN WHO IS NOT INTERESTED IN ART. HE WILL SETTLE GLADLY FOR THOSE SAME BUILDING FUNDS!



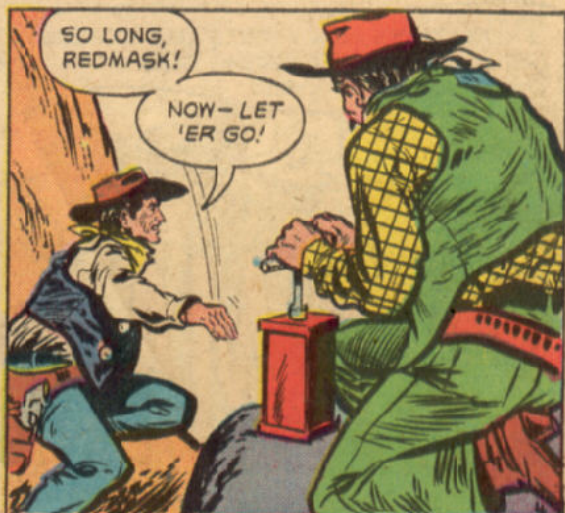
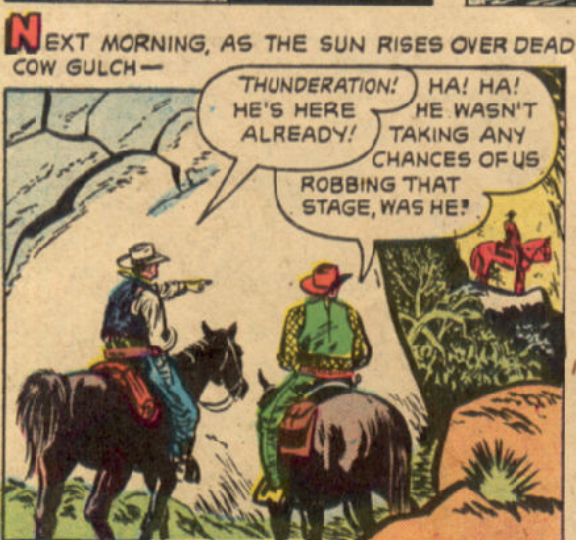
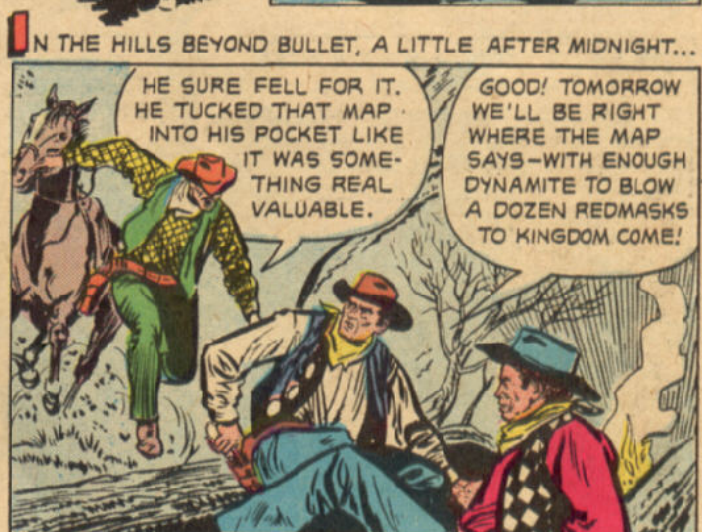
WE GOT TO GET THAT MONEY IN THE TOWN HALL SAFE AND FREE EDDIE!

YEAH—BUT HOW?

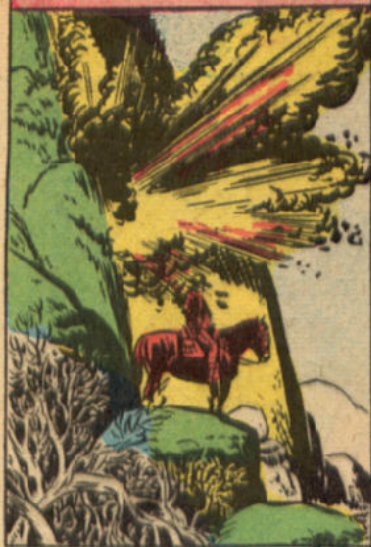


THEY'VE PUT THAT MONEY IN THE TOWN SAFE. IT'LL BE TOUGH ENOUGH TO GET OUR HANDS ON IT—WITHOUT HAVING REDMASK AROUND TO FIGHT, TOO.

FORGET REDMASK. I JUST THOUGHT OF HOW WE CAN TAKE CARE OF HIM. NOW, LISTEN!



THE FURY OF THE DYNAMITE EXPLOSION RIPS THE VERY EARTH APART!



SURE 'WAS LUCKY WE RIGGED THAT DYNAMITE SOME DAYS AGO! REDMASK WAS REAL EARLY!

THAT LEAVES US ALL THE MORE TIME TO GET THOSE BUILDING FUNDS AND SET EDDIE FREE!

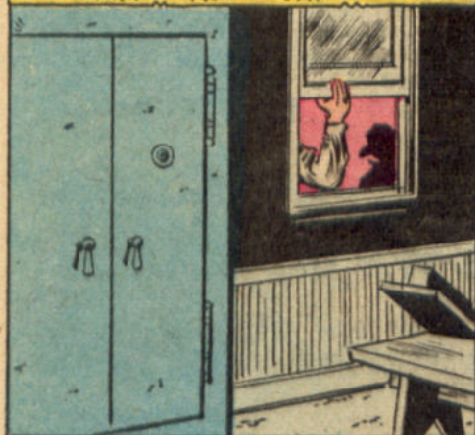


MEET ME AT THE TOWN HALL. WE'D BETTER SPLIT UP NOW!

RIGHT!



MOMENTS LATER, A WINDOW RISES IN THE UNFINISHED TOWN HALL—



I HEAR THE TUMBLERS CLICKIN'! SHE'LL BE WIDE OPEN IN A MINUTE!



THEN—THREE MEN FREEZE LIKE STATUES AS A LOUD REPORT SHOCKS THEM INTO MOMENTARY PARALYSIS!



REDMASK!

IT CAN'T BE!





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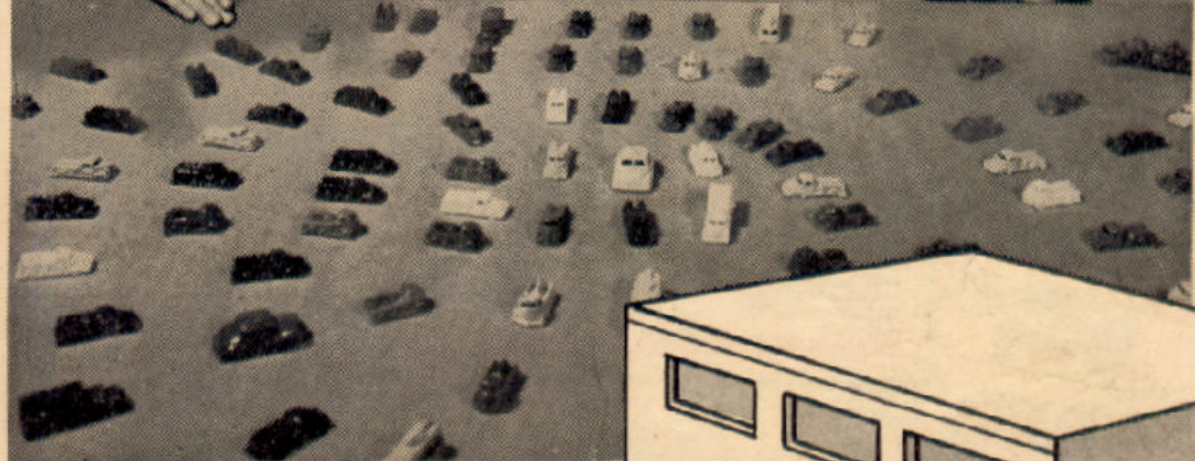
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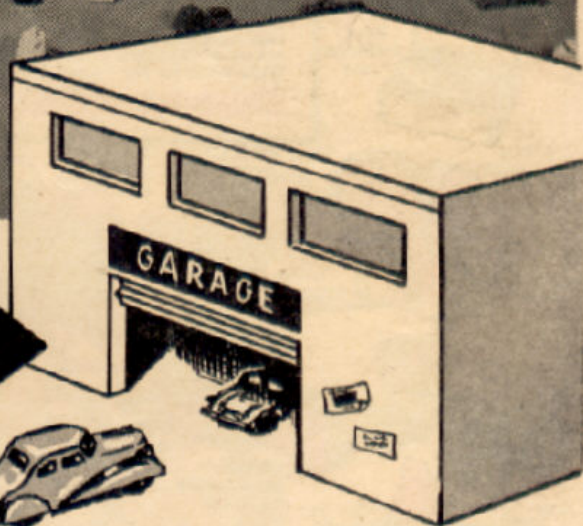
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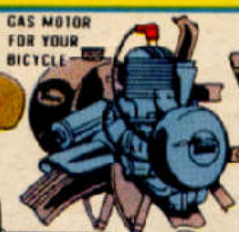
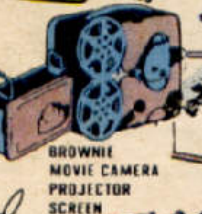
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OVERNIGHT
CASESPORTS
EQUIPMENT

TABLE TENNIS SET

GAS MOTOR
FOR YOUR
BICYCLE1 TUBE
RADIO SETROLLER
SKATESBROWNIE
MOVIE CAMERA
PROJECTOR
SCREENJET PLANE
WITH GAS
ENGINEWALKING
DOLLWOODBURNING
SET

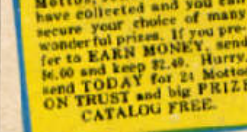
TYPEWRITER



CHEMISTRY SET



COCKER SPANIEL

21-INCH
TV SETLIVE WESTERN-
COWBOY HORSEBOY'S
AND GIRL'S
BICYCLE\$1,000.00 IN
EXTRA PRIZES!

You can get most prizes on this page by selling just one set of 24 Religious Wall Mottos. In addition, I offer these wonderful BIG prizes! I'll tell you how you may win! All details sent free along with 24 Mottos I send you on credit.

Here's How You
Get Your Prizes

Rush your name and address on coupon and we ship AT ONCE PREPAID your first set of 24 Mottos ON TRUST. When you have sold the 24 Mottos, send the \$5.00 you can have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. If you prefer to EARN MONEY, send \$6.00 and keep \$2.00. HURRY, send TODAY for 24 Mottos ON TRUST and big PRIZE CATALOG FREE.

FREE Membership in FUNman's Fun Club
EXTRA! Sell mottos and send payment within 15 days, and I'll give you free a year's Membership in the FUNman's Fun Club. Membership card, certificate, secret code, giant packet of fun materials all yours—plus extra surprises!

The FUNman, Dept. J-115
5726 N. Broadway, Chicago 40, Ill.FREE BIG PRIZE
CATALOG

Please rush to me on 15 days credit 24 Religious Wall Mottos, to sell at 35c each. Also include big Prize Catalog FREE. I will remit amount required as explained in BIG PRIZE CATALOG within 30 days and select the prize. I want or keep a cash commission as explained. INCLUDE DETAILS OF HOW I MAY WIN THE EXTRA BIG PRIZES.

Name _____

Street or RFD _____

Town _____ Zone _____ State _____

SEND NO MONEY—We Trust You!

The FUNman, Dept. J-115, 5726 N. Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois